Table of Contents

1. Prologue
2. Chapter 1
3. Chapter 2
4. Chapter 3
5. Chapter 4
6. Chapter 5
7. Chapter 6
8. Chapter 7
9. Chapter 8
10. Chapter 9
11. Chapter 10
12. Chapter 11
13. Chapter 12
14. Chapter 13
15. Chapter 14
16. Chapter 15
17. Chapter 16
18. Chapter 17
19. Chapter 18
20. Epilogue
21. Author's Note

Prologue

Thank you for reading Moonstar's Rise! After reading, check out the sequel-"MoonClan's Return"!

~COPYRIGHT STATEMENT REGARDING MY WARRIORS FICS~
I am putting this here simply because it has become quite an issue lately. Please DO NOT use my original characters/clans/concepts in any of your Warriors fics. (This does not include warriors cats with the same names. I understand coincidences if we happened to pick the same names for our characters.) I work hard on my novels, and it is upsetting to witness a circumstance where the author feels they need to "borrow" ideas/characters from me because they're not creative enough. Simply stated, the Warriors world is big and complex enough for an author to be able to create his or her own characters/clans/plot. Thank you for your understanding.

~STATEMENT REGARDING GRAMMATICAL ERRORS AND COMMENTS~

Please REFRAIN from continually correcting typos and grammatical errors. I am a grammar nazi myself, and I understand some of you are too, but I have several published works and do not have time to correct EVERY error. Unless the error severely limits your understanding of the story, I will not be taking immediate action to fix these typos. Please REFRAIN from telling me "cats can't cry" and "cats can't blush" etc. These novels are a work of FICTION. I know cats can't cry and perform human-like characteristics; however, this is a work of fiction and is written in a way to convey emotion. I am sick and tired of getting comments like these because they detract from my work and make it seem like you care more about correcting typos/ (sorry) being a pompous know-it-all than reading and enjoying a work. Don't be surprised if I get sassy/sarcastic with you in the comments. I ask you refrain from making such comments on my work.

A cold winter breeze swept across the FoxClan camp. Snow had just fallen the night before, and the camp was covered in a pure white blanket. Meanwhile, a silver tabby she-cat named Silverwhisker sat impatiently in the nursery. Her kits were to be born soon, and she would have to raise them all on her own. Next to her stood a brown tabby tom, her mate, Reedfur, who would be leaving soon.

"I don't understand why you have to leave," Silverwhisker groaned, her blue eyes staring longingly at her mate.

Her mate looked at her sadly, then turned his gaze away, avoiding eye contact.

"It is my destiny, Silverwhisker. I have been chosen to lead ForestClan away from the twolegs," he boasted.

"But," she began, "you are a FoxClan cat, Reedfur. Why do you have to leave right when our kits are about to be born? Couldn't you stay?" she pleaded.

Reedfur sighed. "Silverwhisker, both of us know I'm half ForestClan. I have family there too, and I need to protect them. I also have family to be born here, and I know you'll take good care of them. Won't you?"

"But they need a father," the silver she-cat grumbled. "Why can't you come visit me?"

"ForestClan will be going far away. Much farther than they used to be. It would take moons to come back. I just don't want to come back to see the clan deserted and you missing. I love you Silverwhisker, and I love our kits too. I know you'll take good care of them and they'll be great warriors," he said, smiling. Silverwhisker let out a smile too, though she secretly was furious with Reedfur for leaving.

"Will you at least stay to watch them be-" Silverwhisker was cut off as pain seared through her entire body. She let out a yowl in pain. "The kits are coming!" she shouted.

"Windnose!" Reedfur yowled. The gray tabby medicine cat followed

with his apprentice, Mistypaw.

"We'll need a lot of room," the small gray she-cat said. "Will you step outside until the kits are born, Reedfur?" she asked.

Reedfur nodded and padded outside, leaving Silverwhisker alone in the den with the two medicine cats. Silverwhisker let out a yowl, looking at Windnose.

"The first kit is coming," he told her, placing a paw on her stomach.

Silverwhisker yowled again as more pain surged through her. She let out a cry as a bundle of fur slid onto the moss. It was a silver-blue she-cat. Mistypaw immediately pushed the young she-cat towards her mother, and Silverwhisker's daughter began to suckle.

"Is that all?" Silverwhisker asked weakly.

Windnose shook his head. Silverwhisker sighed, letting out another cry of pain. It was obvious that the second kit was coming. She yowled as a second bundle of fur tumbled onto the moss. This kit was smaller. He was a brown tabby tom, like Reedfur.

Suddenly, Silverwhisker felt relaxed, and she let out a sigh.

"You're all done," Mistypaw told her. "Good job giving birth, Silverwhisker."

Silverwhisker rolled her eyes, watching her two newborn kits. She looked at them, smiling. Though the pain had been excruciating, it was all worth it to see her new son and daughter.

Silverwhisker was interrupted as Reedfur stepped in, smiling at the two kits. "They're beautiful, Silverwhisker, like you," he purred.

"What do you want to call them?" Silverwhisker asked.

"It is your choice," Reedfur told her. "They will only be raised by you, so you should choose."

Silverwhisker let out a slow nod. "We'll call the silver-blue she-cat Moonkit, and the tom will eb Owlkit."

"I like those names very much, Silverwhisker," he purred, licking his kits. Silverwhisker sighed, knowing that her children would never know their father.

She opened her eyes to find she was in a dense forest. A stream gurgled in the distance, and she turned around, wondering where she was. Immediately, she realized she was in StarClan.

She gasped, watching a white she-cat pad towards her. Silverwhisker recognized her as her sister, Lilypetal. Her sister had been killed while protecting the clan from some dogs that had gotten loose. Silverwhisker had never been the same until she had met Reedfur.

As her sister padded towards her, Silverwhisker expected her to smile, like she usually did. Her sister had always been an optomist, and there was nothing she loved more than making cats laugh. Lilypelal held a grim expression though.

"Lilypetal, why are you here?" Silverwhisker asked.

"I bring you a prophecy," she said, "About your kit."

"What prophecy?" Silverwhisker trembled. Did one of her kits possess great powers?

"On a cold winter's night, two kits shall be born to the same mother. Only one will survive. The other shall bring doom to all the clans and cause horrible consequences for generations."

"Wait! Which kit?" Silverwhisker asked as her sister slowly faded away. Silverwhisker awoke abruptly, finding the sun had already risen.

"Reedfur!" she yowled. No response came, however. Her mate had left, as had her happiness.

The prophecy still rang in Silverwhisker's ears. How could one of her kits turn evil? How could she stop this from happening? Why did Reedfur have to leave? Nothing was going right.

Chapter 1

"Wake up, Moonkit." Moonkit heard the familiar voice, and she groaned, turning over as she tried to block the voice out. "Wake up!"

Moonkit's eyes opened to find her brother, Owlkit, staring at her.

"Finally! You're awake!" he exclaimed. "Let's go play!" He began to bounce up and down with

"I'm too tired," Moonkit replied, resting her head on her paws once again to try to get some sleep. Her brother was always in the mood to play, and she never got to relax.

Silverwhisker turned to Owlkit. "Let's stay inside for now," she instructed him

Moonkit wondered if her mother had always acted overprotective. Maybe there was a time when she allowed others to have freedom. Silverwhisker was always worried about Owlkit and Moonkit, and at times, Moonkit had caught her crying in the corner of the den.

"Can we hear another story about Father?" Owlkit asked. As much as her mother acted depressed, her mother told great stories.

Moonkit stood up, sitting beside Owlkit. A good story would surely brighten her mood.

"Well I don't know," Silverwhisker admitted, looking away.

"Please!" both Moonkit and Owlkit pleaded. It was the one time Moonkit ever agreed with her brother on something.

"Well okay," Silverwhisker sighed. Her expression quickly changed from a frown to a smile, and she began the story.

"So the dogs were closing in on me and Reedfur," she told the two. "Any moment they would strike! I stood in fear, knowing it was the

end. Suddenly, Reedfur leapt onto the leader of the pack. The other dogs tried to knock Reedfur off, but he was too clever. He scared all of the dogs out of their wits and sent them running away! Later, he was crowned as a hero!"

Moonkit looked at Owlkit. His green eyes were intently fixed on Silverwhisker, and he seemed to be very interested in his mother's story.

"What happened to father?" Moonkit asked. She knew she asked this question a lot, but her mother never gave a good answer.

Silverwhisker looked down. "Err...like I said. He went missing one day."

Moonkit raised her eyebrow, detecting a lie. Silverwhisker had told her plenty of times that Reedfur had gone missing, but Moonkit still didn't believe her. What was she hiding?

"Are you sure he went missing?" Owlkit asked. "Tell us the story," he pleaded.

Silverwhisker shook her head, then paused. "I guess you're old enough to hear now," she said, looking at her two kits. "Anyway, you kits were just born when he went missing. He said goodnight and when I went to see him in the morning, he was gone."

"Just like that?" Moonkit asked. She had expected a better story from her mother. Not two sentences.

Silverwhisker didn't reply. She nervously turned towards the entrance of the warriors den.

"Um.... How 'bout you kits go play with Honeypaw and Foxpaw?" she suggested.

"But they're almost warriors!" Owlkit complained. "Can't we go out to the forest?"

"No!" Silverwhisker hissed. Anytime the forest was mentioned, her attitude quickly changed. She slowly calmed down, relaxing her shoulders. "I'm not going to let you leave my sight."

Moonkit was always curious why her mother was so protective. What had happened to her in the past?

"Go play with the apprentices," Silverwhisker instructed.

As Moonkit walked out of the nursery, Owlkit stopped her from going towards the apprentice den. Slowly, he let out a smile.

"Let me through," Moonkit grumbled.

"We're not going to play with the apprentices," Owlkit told her. His smile suddenly grew bigger. "We're going to go out to the forest!"

"But you heard Mother," Moonkit complained. "We need to stay in camp. What makes you think we could last two seconds in the woods?"

Owlkit paused, then raced off into the forest. Moonkit rolled her eyes, chasing after him.

"Owlkit, it's too dangerous!" she called. "You'll get your pelt ripped off in a matter of minutes!" she hissed, finding him near a small den.

Owlkit ignored her, inspecting the den. "Look at this, Moonkit," he said, crawling into the den. "We could have our own clan in here!" he exclaimed.

Moonkit froze, looking at the den. Something didn't seem right about it. It seemed too small for a normal den, and it was too big for one cat. "Owlkit," Moonkit began. She gasped as she heard a growl. "It's a badger set," she squeaked.

"RUN!" Owlkit hissed. Immediately, Owlkit and Moonkit began racing through the woods as an angry badger chased after them, growling.

"We're not going to outrun it," Moonkit told Owlkit as the badger came closer. She gasped as it latched onto Owlkit's tail, making her brother screech in pain.

"Don't you mess with my brother!" Moonkit spat. She leapt onto the

badger, gasping as she was pulled off. She froze, spotting a second badger. Owlkit dropped down beside her, and the two slowly sat, shaking, as two badgers circled around them.

"Wh-What are we going to do?" Owlkit's voice quivered.

Moonkit shut her eyes, waiting for the badgers to strike. Suddenly, she heard a yowl, and she opened to find a fox kit standing in front of Moonkit and Owlkit.

"Get out of here!" the fox spat at the badgers. The badgers immediately ran off, leaving Owlkit and Moonkit alone with the fox.

"We're dead," Moonkit murmured. She wondered if it would be better to be killed by a fox or a badger. It would obviously be a fox now.

"Who exactly are you?" Moonkit asked.

"I am--" The fox pricked her ears. Moonkit did not understand how she knew cat language. It seemed she could speak it perfectly. "My mom's coming! I have to go!" the young kit told them.

Owlkit slowly stood up, staring at the bush the fox had disappeared through in awe.

"Are you okay?" Moonkit asked.

Owlkit stood frozen and speechless.

"Let's go home," Moonkit instructed.

Together, Owlkit and Moonkit headed back towards the den, the sun shining in the distance.

Chapter 2

As soon as the two returned back from the forest, Silverwhisker was furious.

"I TOLD YOU THAT YOU WERE NOT ALLOWED IN THE FOREST!" she hissed, lashing her tail.

Moonkit shrunk down beside her brother, trying to avoid her mother's icy gaze.

Sunstar sat in the nursery with her two kits, staring at Silverwhisker. Though leaders weren't supposed to have kits, Sunstar made an exception, and she stepped down to raise her kits while her deputy took over. Once her kits were apprentices, however, she'd go back to leading.

"Silverwhisker, don't be too harsh," the ginger she-cat said. "They're just kits. They don't know any better. Don't you remember that thrill when you first stepped into the forest?" she asked. Moonkit watched as Sunstar's kits sat by her. Her two kits were only a few days older than Moonkit and Owlkit. There was Cloverkit, a gray tabby she-cat, who was kind and sweet, and there was Emberkit, a ginger tabby tom who greatly resembled Sunstar.

"I promised I would never let anything happen to them," Silverwhisker growled at Sunstar, though Moonkit was sure she was saying the words to herself. Moonkit watched as her mother looked down and sighed. "I'm sorry Moonkit and Owlkit. You kits are not allowed in the forest though, understand?"

Owlkit nodded, while Moonkit just gazed down. Why couldn't they go into the woods? It hadn't been *that* scary.

As Silverwhisker walked off, Moonkit turned, seeing Owlkit looking down. "Let's go play in the camp," she suggested.

At this idea, Owlkit's eyes lit up, and he nodded. They padded

outside, Emberkit and Cloverkit following behind.

Emberkit spoke up as they came into camp. "I bet Foxpaw and Honeypaw will become mates. They're always with each other."

Moonkit nodded, agreeing with the ginger tom. She had seen the two together, and she was sure they'd be mates by the time they were warriors.

Moonkit turned, seeing Honeypaw pad over to Mistypaw. She had seen them talking before, and she noted that the two sisters would chat day by day about their training.

Moonkit continued looking at the cats, watching as the deputy, Swamptail, padded over to the kits.

"How are our four kits doing today?" he asked. Moonkit looked into his pale green eyes, staring at his mucky brown coat.

"Great!" Cloverkit exclaimed. Moonkit turned to find Sunstar padding out of the den. She watched as Sunstar lightly touched Cloverkit's shoulder with her tail.

Cloverkit let out a squeal of laughter, watching as Sunstar padded up to the top of the rock.

"ALL CATS OLD ENOUGH TO CATCH THEIR OWN PREY JOIN BENEATH THE ROCK FOR A CLAN MEETING!" she yowled. Moonkit stood by the nursery as cats began to gather around the rock.

"Maybe she's making us apprentices early," Owlkit joked. Moonkit laughed, watching as Honeypaw and Foxpaw walked to the top of the rock.

"I call upon my warriors ancestors to look upon these two apprentices," Sunstar began. "They have trained hard to follow your noble code, and I grant them to you as warriors in return. Honeypaw, from this day forward you shall be known as Honeyfall. And Foxpaw, from this day forward you shall be known as Foxeye. May StarClan light your path."

"HONEYFALL! FOXEYE! HONEYFALL! FOXEYE!" the clan cried.

Moonkit turned, seeing Mistypaw cheering on her sister. Windnose stood beside her, smiling at his apprentice.

Moonkit jumped as Owlkit touched her. "When I'm a warrior, I'll be the best warrior ever. They'll have to make me leader," he told her, waving his tail.

"Leader? But that's what I want to be!" Moonkit exclaimed, toppling on top of her brother. Owlkit laughed and knocked Moonkit over, enough to make her laugh. Though it seemed like fun and games, it was the truth. Moonkit truly did want to be leader. She had to be the best warrior ever! Her clan was the one thing she cared about more than anything.

Moonkit gasped as Silverwhisker picked her up by the scruff. "Come on now," she said. Moonkit groaned as she padded into the nursery.

Owlkit followed behind the two, yelling, "I'm coming!"

Chapter 3

Four moons had passed since the trip to the woods, and nothing had changed for Moonkit. Owlkit was still annoying as ever and Silverwhisker was still protective. The only thing that had really changed was that Mistypaw had received her full medicine cat name of Mistyfall, and Foxeye and Honeyfall had become mates.

Moonkit dug her claws into the wall of the den. A young warrior couldn't be trapped inside. No, if she were to be leader, she had to get out there and explore!

"Silverwhisker, can I please go out?" she begged.

Silverwhisker did the familiar shake of her head. "No, Moonkit," she said. "It's too dangerous."

Moonkit sighed, turning to find Owlkit playing with Cloverkit. They had been constant playmates for two moons now, and Moonkit was already aware that Owlkit liked Cloverkit.

As for Moonkit, she hadn't been interested in any mates. A leader couldn't have a mate or kits anyway. Yet, she still felt lonely.

When her mother had her back turned, Moonkit slid out of the den, racing into camp.

"Finally!" she exclaimed, glad to be free from the nursery. Slowly, she crept towards the forest, making sure no other cat was watching her. As she slipped past, the forest was the only thing ahead of her, and she carefully walked in.

Moonkit padded through the woods, the red and orange leaves slowly drifting down. She smiled, glad to have the forest air in her lungs again.

"HI AGAIN!' a voice came.

Moonkit jumped, turning to find the young fox kit behind her. She

froze, then recognized the kit. "You-you were the one who saved me and Owlkit that day."

The kit nodded, and Moonkit realized how much the kit towered over her.

"My name is Chase," the fox kit spoke. "Unlike my family, I don't want to kill cats. My dad says cats get in the way of our prey and must be killed, but I really don't know what's so bad about them," she explained.

"I'm Moonkit--" Moonkit was about to say more, only to be cut off by Chase.

"Moonkit? What a strange name!" she exclaimed.

"I live in FoxClan," Moonkit explained. We all have names like that. My brother's name is Owlkit, and my mother's name is Silverwhisker."

Chase tilted her head, then spoke. "What about your father?"

Moonkit looked down sadly. "He left us."

"I'm sorry," Chase told her.

Moonkit looked up, confused. "If you're a fox, how can you speak fluent cat?"

Chase laughed at Moonkit. "I'm surprised you didn't ask earlier! I met an old fox who trained me in the cat language. He died, but I've been practicing. I've been trying to get cats and foxes to make amends so they no longer battle."

"Wow," Moonkit exclaimed. "So you're like a leader! I want to be leader of my clan, but it's not like I'll ever get to try..."

"Moonkit you can always be leader," Chase said with a warm smile.

Moonkit was about to speak, but she was cut off by a yowl.

"MOONKIT, DON'T MOVE!" Immediately, Moonkit recognized the

voice. It was her mother, Silverwhisker.

Moonkit turned, stepping in front of her mother. "STOP!" she commanded.

Silverwhisker looked shocked. "THAT FOX WAS ABOUT TO KILL YOU! Not to mention you left camp," she snarled. "I am very disappointed in you, Moonkit," she hissed.

Moonkit growled at her mother. "You're nothing like a mother! You never let me go anywhere! You're always so protective! You care about Owlkit more than you care about me. I-I HATE YOU!" she spat.

Silverwhisker gasped, and immediately Moonkit noticed hurt in her eyes.

"Well, I'm going to, uh, go," Chase said, leaping back into the bushes.

Moonkit looked into her mother's blue eyes then ran off, heading back to FoxClan camp. As she raced towards camp, she flung herself into the nursery, sitting near the corner of the den. Finally, the truth was out.

Chapter 4

A moon had passed since Moonkit's lashout at Silverwhisker. From that moment on, her mother had completely ignored her. Moonkit knew she deserved it though. Her actions though were beginning to hurt Moonkit.

Moonkit was no longer allowed to sleep in her mother's nest, only Owlkit. Silverwhisker would praise Owlkit for every small action he did, even breathing, while Moonkit was like a shadow that could not be seen.

Thankfully though, Honeyfall had moved into the nursery expecting Foxeye's kits, and she gladly let Moonkit share her nest.

"Good job, Owlkit!" Silverwhisker exclaimed, praising her son once again.

Moonkit growled, unsheathing her claws. She watched as Owlkit smiled and Silverwhisker purred, "My brave little warrior!"

Suddenly, Moonkit lost all control of her anger. "STOP! JUST STOP!" she yowled. Silverwhisker turned, staring at her daughter in shock. "What's your problem, Silverwhisker?! All you do is praise Owlkit! You care about me less now that I told you my feelings! You call yourself a *mother*?! What did Reedfur even see in you?! Would he approve of this!"

Silverwhisker stood up, hissing at her daughter. "You're not my kit, you piece of fox dung!"

Moonkit turned, seeing Honeyfall standing up. The ginger she-cat growled at Silverwhisker. "Silverwhisker, this is going way too far! This is your kit, and you leave her here all alone!"

Silverwhisker growled, padding out of the den. Moonkit watched as her mother walked into the warriors' den. What was she doing?

Angry, Moonkit fled through the camp, rushing into the forest. Leaf-fall was fully upon the clan now, and as she walked, even the falling leaves could not comfort her. No, this had to end!

Suddenly, a bush rattled. Thinking it was Chase, Moonkit acted calm.

"Chase?" she asked.

Suddenly, a young brown tabby tom around her age padded out of the bush. He had striking green eyes, and his claws were long and sharp.

"Who are you?" Moonkit asked. She unsheathed her claws, not afraid of the tom.

The tom looked surprised to see her claws unsheathed. "I'm Fang, and you are?"

"Moonkit," she growled. She expected the tom to leave, but he stayed put.

"What's a kit like you doing out in the woods?" he asked.

"I was looking for my friend..." Her voice trailed off. No, she couldn't tell this cat about Chase. Suddenly, Moonkit realized he had called her a mere kit. "Wait, I'm not a kit!" she spat. "I'm almost an apprentice!"

The tom laughed. "My, you're a feisty kit. I'm a rogue. I travel here from time to time. Don't take what I said too seriously. I have never seen any cat out here willing to talk to me. Why do you seem so angry, Moonkit?" he asked, sitting down to listen.

For some reason, Moonkit trusted Fang, and all her life began to spill out. "It's my mother! All she does is ignore me and treasure my brother. And it's all because I told her she was too protective," Moonkit sighed.

Fang tilted his head. "Your father?"

"Missing. His name is Reedfur," Moonkit sighed.

Fang's ears popped up. "I've heard that name before," he said, leaping up. He slowly paced back and forth. "Aha!" he said at last. "I saw that cat in ForestClan territory! He seemed pretty upset."

"When did you see him?" Moonkit asked, suddenly interested about her father.

Fang thought for a moment. "Well, about maybe four moons ago. He was mumbling on about missing his mate and kits, but it seemed like ForestClan needed his help."

"That liar!" Moonkit hissed. "Silverwhisker lied! She said he just went missing!" Angry, Moonkit unsheathed her claws and dug them into the ground.

Fang turned, smiling maliciously at Moonkit. "Look, Moonkit. You are the first cat that's talked to me, so perhaps I should return the end of the bargain. Perhaps I can help you."

Moonkit's ears pricked up. "What do you mean?"

Fang continued to smile. "This mother of yours. I might be able to help you get rid of her, by killing means of course."

Moonkit didn't even flinch at the words. "Fang, if you could do that, I'd be so relieved."

Fang looked at her in surprise. "Here's what we'll do then," he said. "You'll run off into the woods, and she'll chase after you. Meet me at the stream, and be fast! When you get to the stream, leap into the bushes. I'll take it from there. Once she is killed, we'll leave her in the stream."

Moonkit thought Fang's plan was pretty good, but something told her it wouldn't work. "They'll know a brown cat killed her," she said.

Fang shook his head. "We'll put fox fur on her. I found some by the bushes."

It had to be Chase's fur. Where was Chase anyway? Moonkit smiled at Fang. "Thank you," she purred.

Moonkit noticed her mother in the camp. When she caught Silverwhisker's eye, she yowled, "I'LL JUST QUIT FOXCLAN!"

Silverwhisker's ears pricked up. "NO, YOU WON'T!" she yowled.

Quickly, Moonkit raced into the woods, passing trees and bushes. As she came across the stream, she leapt into the bushes, trying to be as quiet and still as possible.

Moonkit peaked through some leaves, seeing Silverwhisker pause by the stream. "Moonkit?" she asked.

Fang stepped out, his claws unsheathed. "Hello," he purred. He lunged at Silverwhisker unexpectedly, and she was thrown to the ground.

Moonkit turned her gaze away, not daring to look. She winced as yowls of pain came from her mother, when suddenly, there was a silence.

Moonkit peeked, seeing her mother's limp body near the stream. Blood was splattered all across her body. Slowly, Moonkit came out of the bushes, staring at her mother. Her mother's beautiful eyes were unseeing.

Moonkit almost felt a bit of sympathy, but then the anger kicked in. She yowled, striking her mother's dead body. More blood poured out, and Moonkit felt something she had never felt before. Freedom, rage, power, all in the same time.

She watched as Fang slowly put the fox fur on her mother's body.

"Now, you must tell the cats she was killed by a fox," Fang instructed.

Moonkit nodded, beginning to run back to camp. As she ran, however, she was stopped in her footsteps by Chase.

Chase seemed happy to see her, but at the sight of Moonkit's bloody paws, her smile faded.

"Sorry, Chase, I've got to go," Moonkit told her.

The fox kit refused to move. "Moonkit, don't tell me it was you."

"What are you talking about?" Moonkit asked.

Chase narrowed her eyes. "It was you," she growled. "I had high hopes in you, Moonkit. All this time I was trying to stop foxes from battling cats, but I really should've been doing was stopping you from creating war."

"Move out of the way," Moonkit hissed.

"I'm ashamed to know you," Chase sighed, leaping back into the bushes.

Moonkit felt as if her heart had broke. She had just lost her best friend. But it didn't matter anymore. Freedom came with sacrifice.

Moonkit quickly stopped at a pond, washing the blood off her paws. She then raced into camp, screaming, "SILVERWHISKER IS DEAD! SHE WAS KILLED BY A FOX!"

Sunstar pricked her ears, and soon, all the cats followed Moonkit to the forest where Silverwhisker lay. Suddenly, Owlkit burst into tears. Moonkit tried to ignore his cries, but they were too much. She felt a bit of sympathy towards her brother.

"Take her body back to camp," Sunstar instructed. "We will sit vigil for her."

Chapter 5

"ALL CATS OLD ENOUGH TO CATCH THEIR OWN PREY JOIN BENEATH THE ROCK FOR A CLAN MEETING!" Sunstar yowled.

"The birth of Ravenkit and Hollykit makes us stronger," Sunstar began. It was true. Honeyfall had given birth to two black kittens, allowing the clan to strive. "And the arrival of Starkit as well." The clan had found a silver she-cat only a few days after Ravenkit and Hollykit were born, and Honeyfall graciously offered to nurse her.

"But today," Sunstar spoke. "We are joined to make four kits apprentices."

Moonkit's paws tingled. She, Owlkit, Cloverkit, and Emberkit quickly padded to the rock, excited to be named apprentices.

"These four kits have reached six moons," Sunstar announced. "Moonkit, you are brave and fierce. From this day forward, until you receive your warrior name, you shall be known as Moonpaw. Foxeye," she spoke.

Moonpaw turned, watching the ginger tom step forward.

"You are a loyal warrior," Sunstar announced. "You will mentor Moonpaw."

Moonpaw raced towards Foxeye and touched her nose to the ginger tom. She was thrilled to have the tom as her mentor.

"Owlkit, you are kind and brave," Sunstar said, turning to Moonpaw's brother. "From this day on, until you receive your warrior name, you shall be known as Owlpaw. Yarrowfur," Sunstar spoke.

Moonpaw turned to see the brother of Swamptail step forward.

"You are courageous and strong. You willl mentor Owlpaw," Sunstar announced. Moonpaw moved aside as Owlpaw raced down the rock

to touch noses with his new mentor.

"Cloverkit, you are kind and wise. From this day on, until you receive your warrior name, you shall be known as Cloverpaw. Leopardstream."

Moonpaw watched as the spotted she-cat walked forward.

"You are strong," Sunstar announced. "And you will pass this onto Cloverpaw."

Moonpaw watched as the light gray she-cat raced down the rock, touching noses with her new mentor.

"And Emberkit," Sunstar said, turning to her son. "You are strong and brave. From this day forward, until you receive your warrior name, you will be known as Emberpaw. Tigerpelt," she announced.

The striped tom looked up, awaiting Sunstar's words.

"You are strong and fierce. You will mentor Emberpaw."

Emberpaw quickly rushed down, touching noses to his new mentor.

"MOONPAW! OWLPAW! CLOVERPAW! EMBERPAW!" the clan cried. Moonpaw smiled, running down the rock to her new mentor.

"What fighting moves will we learn today?!" she asked Foxeye excitedly.

Foxeye chuckled. "Moonpaw, we aren't ready for that. Today, I'll show you around the territory."

Moonpaw let out a small groan. If she wanted to be leader, she needed to learn fighting moves.

"And this is the SnowClan border," Foxeye announced. Moonpaw looked out into the gigantic territory. She watched as a patrol went by, lead by a calico she-cat. On the patrol, she also noticed a gray tabby tom, a white she-cat, and three apprentices. One was black, another a brown tabby, and the third, reddish-brown.

Moonpaw left with Foxeye, finishing her tour of the forest. Heading back into camp, Owlpaw jumped around excitedly.

"Yarrowfur showed me all of the territories and-" Moonpaw stoppd listening. Sometimes, her brother was incredibly annoying. And he thought *he* would be leader.

Moonpaw padded into the apprentice den, curling up in her new nest. She smiled, falling into a deep sleep.

Moonpaw dreamt she was in the forest. Green leaves grew around the trees, a small stream trickled through the woods. StarClan.

Suddenly, a silver she-cat padded towards her. Moonpaw's stomach dropped as she immediately recognized her.

"Silverwhiser?" she asked weakly.

The silver she-cat nodded. Moonpaw was surprised the she-cat had even made it to StarClan after the way she had treated Moonpaw.

"What are you doing here?" Moonpaw asked.

"The prophecy is clear now, Moonpaw. You are the cat that will bring danger," Silverwhisker announced.

Moonpaw tilted her head. "Uh, sorry, Silverwhisker, you're kind of confusing," Moonpaw admitted. Why was her mother saying lies?

"I know it was you that had me assassinated," Silverwhisker spat. "I know everything. StarClan will not be happy with your decisions."

Moonpaw woke up suddenly. What did she mean? If StarClan didn't like her, how could she be leader?

Chapter 6

"Aren't you excited?" Owlpaw asked.

Moonpaw shrugged, looking up to see the full moon shining brightly. For two moons, Moonpaw had been training as an apprentice, and today, she and Owlpaw were on their way to their first gathering.

As for Moonpaw's training, she already knew some battle moves, and she was pretty skilled at hunting!

As the cats reached the clearing, Moonpaw could already recognize SnowClan. She guessed the white she-cat leading the cats towards the clearing was the leader.

Moonpaw's paws tingled as she awaited to go meet other cats. Foxeye smiled at Moonpaw, noticing her excitement. He crouched down next to her, whispering, "The leader is Icestar, and her deputy is Applewhisker," Foxeye said, pointing to the white she-cat and calico deputy. "And that is the medicine cat, Nightwhisker and his apprentice, Spottedpaw."

Moonpaw nodded, looking at the black tom and white she-cat.

Moonpaw left Foxeye to meet other cats. As she walked by, she noticed three familiar apprentices whom she had seen her first day as an apprentice. She padded by, pricking her ears. It sounded as if they were arguing.

"I wish you and Thornpaw had never been born!" the reddish-brown she-cat hissed.

Moonpaw tilted her head. Who was Thornpaw? The black tom? Or the brown tabby she-cat?"

The black tom stepped forward. "Maplepaw, don't say that! It's not my fault I like Thornpaw more than you!"

Moonpaw knew she shouldn't have been eavesdropping, but it was too tempting. She knew now that the brown tabby was Thornpaw, and the reddish-brown she-cat was Maplepaw. But who was the tom?

Moonpaw jumped as Owlpaw touched her shoulder. "Exciting, huh?" he exclaimed.

Moonpaw opened her mouth to reply, only to be cut off by a yowl. The gathering was about to begin! Together, she and Owlpaw rushed towards FoxClan, sitting with the other cats.

"Would you like to go first, Sunstar?" the white she-cat asked.

Sunstar dipped her head. "Certainly, Icestar. FoxClan grows stronger. We have four new apprentices-Moonpaw, Owlpaw, Cloverpaw, and Emberpaw." The four stood up, and Moonpaw smiled as the cats cheered loudly.

"Three new kits have joined FoxClan as well. Our medicine cat, Mistyfall, has been doing well. She has recently taken on an apprentice! Spottedpaw!"

Moonpaw laughed a little as the ginger she-cat stood up. The SnowClan and FoxClan medicine cat apprentices had the same name!

Icestar smiled as the cheering went down. "SnowClan grows stronger too. We have three new apprentices-Cloudpaw, Skypaw, and Petalpaw." A white she-cat, a white tom, and a gray tabby she-cat stood up. Why did Icestar look so caring for the three apprentices?

Moonpaw shrugged, watching as the gathering came to an end. As the cats began to depart, Owlpaw raced up to Moonpaw.

"Wasn't that fun?!"

Moonpaw shrugged, padding back to camp.

"No, no! Do it this way!" Foxeye explained.

Moonpaw growled. Why was she having so much trouble learning a simple attack move? She lunged at Foxeye, surprised as he stepped aside.

"MOUSE DUNG!" Moonpaw spat. "You didn't tell me you were going to do that!" Moonpaw complained.

"So you think in a battle a cat will let you attack them? Now, try again!"

Moonpaw nodded, lunging at Foxeye. She successfully landed on Foxeye, digging her claws into his pelt.

"Very good," Foxeye purred. "Are you okay, Moonpaw? You've been acting different lately."

She had. Ever since she met Fang, they had been meeting in secret every other night. She had been tired and had been having trouble concentrating. Fang was now her secret mate, and they had been mates for three moons now. They had first become mates when Moonpaw was an apprentice. As much as Moonpaw felt guilty for being mates with a rogue, she didn't let if affect her plans to be a leader.

"I'm fine," she told Foxeye. "Just tired, that's all."

Foxeye tilted his head. "All right, then."

Chapter 7

Moonpaw was in her fifth moon of training now, not that it would do much good. Sunstar liked to keep cats apprentices a little longer, thinking extra training would make a good warrior.

"If I were in SnowClan, I'd be a warrior next moon," she muttered under her breath.

She walked through the woods at night, listening to the wind whistle through the trees. The cold air chilled her, but she continued walking until she saw Fang.

"Fang!" she exclaimed.

The tom ran up to her, a smile on his face.

"Moonpaw! Hi!"

Moonpaw looked down at her paws. "I'm expecting kits," she told him.

Fang let out a big grin. "That's great, Moonpaw!"

Moonpaw didn't smile though. "No, it's not! Most apprentices who have kits don't survive," she told him. The truth was that Moonpaw had known for two weeks, but she hadn't bothered telling him until now. She had been stealing Mistyfall's medicine to hide it.

"Moonpaw, you're almost a warrior. You'll be fine," Fang assured her.

Moonpaw sighed. "All right," she said.

A week had passed since Moonpaw had told Fang the news. She awoke one morning, hearing Sunstar yelling.

"Get him to the medicine cat den!" she instructed.

Moonpaw slowly got up, peeking her head inside the medicine cat den. It was the black tom from the gathering! He sat on a nest, his pelt soaking wet. He looked tired and exhausted.

"What's your name?" Mistyfall asked.

"Blackpaw," he coughed. "Th-Thornpaw. She-she's still on the rock," he spoke weakly, coughing tremendously.

"I'll get her!" Sunstar spoke, heading towards the entrance.

HIs name was Blackpaw? Moonpaw continued peeking her head in, staring at the tom. He was handsome, all right. She had thought so ever since she had first laid eyes on him.

Awhile passed, and Moonpaw sat by the den. She crouched down again as Sunstar came back into camp with the brown tabby she-cat following behind her. Thornpaw.

Moonpaw listened to the conversation in the medicine cat den. Though the first part of Mistyfall's conversation was mumbled, she was able to hear, "swallowed an awful lot of water. They might be here awhile."

Awhile? But these were SnowClan apprentices! Surely they were to be returning back to their clan!

By the next day, Blackpaw and Thornpaw were able to walk around, and Moonpaw mustered up all her might to speak to Blackpaw. Blackpaw padded out of the den, jumping at the sight of Moonpaw.

"Hi!" Moonpaw exclaimed. "Sorry, I didn't mean to scare you. I'm Moonpaw," she told him.

Blackpaw eyed her oddly. "I"m Blackpaw. This is Thornpaw," he told her. Thornpaw nodded, rubbing against Blackpaw. What? How could Blackpaw like this ugly she-cat?

Moonpaw let out a low growl. "Er...welcome to FoxClan."

As Blackpaw padded off, Moonpaw stopped Thornpaw in her tracks.

"Listen, you piece of fox-dung!"

Thornpaw tilted her head.

"Why would Blackpaw be interested in a cat like you? Stay away, mouse-brain!" she spat. Thornpaw looked at her in shock, and Moonpaw rushed off to the apprentice den.

"Hey, have you met--" Owlpaw begin.

"YES!" Moonpaw hissed, cutting him off.

Moonpaw sat in the den, hearing footsteps behind her. There was a pause, and then Moonpaw turned, staring into Blackpaw's green eyes.

"Thornpaw told me what you said. What's your problem, Moonpaw?" he growled. "We're just staying here a few days! We're not even in the same clan!"

She hissed and unsheathed her claws. "I like you, Blackpaw, and that Thornpaw has to go!"

Chapter 8

"COME BACK HERE!" Moonpaw hissed, chasing Blackpaw and Thornpaw through the woods. "COME BACK!"

For about seven sunrises now the two had stayed in FoxClan. Moonpaw had tried to get Blackpaw to like her, but it had failed, and instead, she had made enemies out of them.

Moonpaw stopped in a clearing, watching the two. She had already left a nasty cut on Thornpaw's shoulder, causing the she-cat to limp.

"Thornpaw, get back to camp!" Blackpaw instructed. Thornpaw rushed past him, and Moonpaw hissed as she went by.

"No matter. If you won't be my mate, you will pay!" Moonpaw spat, lunging at Blackpaw. Blackpaw yowled and bit Moonpaw's ear. She hissed, clawing at his pelt. They tumbled through the clearing, stopping at the cliffside near the end of FoxClan territory.

"Good-bye!" Moonpaw laughed, pushing Blackpaw off the clearing.

"NO!" Blackpaw yowled as he fell into the water below.

Moonpaw laughed, never feeling this power before. It was as if she were in control of the world, and she could command whoever she wanted. She sat in the clearing, waiting for Thornpaw to come. She couldn't wait to see the look on the she-cat's face when she found him dead.

Soon, the sun began to set, and Thornpaw came by, running to Blackpaw.

"NO!" Thornpaw cried.

Moonpaw laughed maliciously, and Thornpaw looked up from the injured Blackpaw. "YOU!" she cried.

Moonpaw rushed into the forest, sitting down. She knew Thornpaw

would show up to fight her, not that Moonpaw cared. She could kill the she-cat in an instant.

Only after a few minutes, Thornpaw found Moonpaw, lunging at Moonpaw. Moonpaw easily stepped away, laughing.

She pinned Thornpaw down, aiming her claws at Thornpaw's throat. The she-cat's green eyes were filled with terror as Moonpaw let out another malicious laugh.

"Any last words?" Moonpaw asked, raising her claw.

Before Moonpaw could strike, she felt a body push against her, and she collapsed on the ground. Moonpaw turned, growling. It was Owlpaw!

"Owlpaw, move!" Moonpaw commanded.

"Now I know why Silverwhisker died. You murdered her! I will not let you hurt Thornpaw!" he spat.

"Wow, you finally figured it out," Moonpaw growled. "Owlpaw, let me tell you again. MOVE!"

Her brother shook his head, refusing to move. She leapt on her brother, fighting with him. She had to admit, her brother was a good fighter. Hissing, Moonpaw pinned him down.

"It's no use now, brother. Any last words?"

Owlpaw stared at Moonpaw with sorrow, almost asking Moonpaw to spare him. For a moment, Moonpaw almost wanted to. This was her brother, the tom she had been with since birth. It wasn't enough to change her mind though.

Moonpaw bit down hard on Owlpaw's throat. He looked at Thornpaw as blood gurgled from his throat. "I tried..." he whispered.

He slowly closed his eyes, and his chest became still. Her brother was dead.

Thornpaw gasped. "YOU KILLED YOUR OWN BROTHER! I'M TELLING SUNSTAR!" she hissed. Moonpaw hissed, running after the she-cat. Why hadn't she killed off Thornpaw quicker?

Moonpaw raced into camp, Blackpaw looking shocked as they entered. So the tom had survived. Moonpaw had to remind herself to kill him later.

"MOONPAW KILLED OWLPAW!" Thornpaw screeched to Sunstar.

"MOONPAW!" Sunstar growled, gasping as she saw the blood on Moonpaw's claws.

Moonpaw shrunk down. "I DON'T NEED FOXCLAN! I-I'LL START MY OWN CLAN!" she hissed, running off into the woods. She was stopped by Fang.

Fang. She had completely forgot about him. It was his kits she was expecting, not Blackpaw's. Why had she so easily forgotten him when she saw Blackpaw?

"Moonpaw?" he asked.

Moonpaw looked down at her paws. "I-I quit my clan. I want to start my own clan. MoonClan. Will you help me?"

Fang nodded..

Moonpaw smiled, licking Fang's cheek. Together, they went off into the woods to start a new clan.

"It'll be called MoonClan," she spoke maliciously.

Chapter 9

Moonpaw let out a large yowl as a wave of pain spread through her entire body. "Fang! Fang! My kits are coming!" she yowled.

Fang raced into one of the dens they had built, his mouth full of moss. He set it down next to her, and Moonpaw winced as pain spread through her. "Okay, Moonpaw, stay calm," Fang told her.

Moonpaw nodded, sinking her claws into the ground as the pain passed. Fang was no medicine cat. Would everything turn out okay?

Time passed, and Moonpaw yowled as a kit slid onto the moss. It was a striped brown tabby tom. Moonpaw turned, looking at her son, and smiled.

The joy was too short though as she let out another yowl of pain. A spotted she-cat slid onto the moss. Fang pushed her towards her mother, and Moonpaw let out a sigh.

She yowled once more as a third kit was born. A dusky brown tom slid onto the moss, and Fang pushed him next to his siblings.

"Is that it?" Moonpaw asked.

Fang shook his head, placing his paw on her stomach. "One more, I think."

Moonpaw yowled once more as a brown tabby she-cat was born. She breathed heavily, glad the pain was over. Had she really survived?

"Such wonderful kits," Fang purred, smiling.

Moonpaw smiled at her mate. "I'll name them," she purred.

She looked at the stripe tom and smiled. "This will be Tigerkit," she purred, smiling at her son. She turned to the spotted she-cat, thinking for a moment. "This will be Leopardkit." She turned to the

dusky brown om, pondering for a second. "This will be Chesnutkit," she said. Lastly, she looked at the brown tabby she-cat. "And this will be Hazelkit."

"Wonderful names!" Fang exclaimed. "And will you take on a new name, Moonpaw?"

Moonpaw nodded. "From this moment on, my name is Moonstar." She smiled, licking her kits. "You will be great warriors of MoonClan," she whispered to them, smiling.

A moon had passed since Moonstar's kits had been born. Unfortunately, they still hadn't found members.

Moonstar watched as Tigerkit and Leopardkit were playing around. They seemed to always be doing that. As for Chesnutkit and Hazelkit, they seemed to cower in fear over the MoonClan idea. Moonstar ignored it though, knowing they'd have no choice.

"Fang, I need to go into the forest to find some cats. Will you watch the kits? I might be there for awhile," she told him.

Fang nodded. "Take as much time as you need."

Moonstar padded into the woods, beginning her journey to search for members. She did not want to be searching for long, but she knew that she needed more members. She traveled quickly and quietly, and for about three sunrises, she rushed through the woods.

It was when she scented a cat that she stopped. She crouched into the bushes, watching as a white tom padded by.

"How much longer, Tinyblaze?" the white tom asked the she-cat beside him. He was strong and muscular, perfect for MoonClan.

"It is a longer walk, Whitestar. You've already gone to the stone that gives you your lives. Now, have patience as you return. The clan will not be expecting you until tomorrow."

"I don't want to wait," Whitestar growled.

Moonstar rushed past some bushes, causing leaves to fly into the

air. Yes, this tom would be perfect for her clan, just perfect.

"I hear something," Whitestar spat.

Tinyblaze stopped. "What? What do you hear?"

Moonstar emerged out of the bushes, causing the medicine cat, Tinyblaze, to crouch down in fear.

"What? What do you want?" Whitestar spat.

"My name is Moonstar," she began.

"How did you find us?" Whitestar growled, unsheathing his claws. "No one has ever found BloodClan before. Tinyblaze, seize her! Poppypaw and Strikepaw are becoming warriors soon, aren't they? This could be a good offering."

The medicine cat slowly made her way towards her, though Moonstar laughed, leaping over her.

"Perhaps we can work out a day," she purred. "You're obviously the new leader, are you not?"

Whitestar growled. "I am. Scram before i murder you!"

That won't be necessary," she laughed, pinning the tom down. She light traced a claw over his throat. "It would be a shame to kill the leader of such a good clan, wouldn't it?"

"Who are you?!" Whitestar hissed.

"I've told you already. I am Moonstar, leader of MoonClan," she hissed. "We're growing a clan, and we're planning to kill out two clans and take opver a large forest. We're in need of members."

"I've told you already, she-cat," Whitestar hissed, attempting to throw Moonstar off of him. She wouldn't budge. "I already own this forest."

Moonstar brought her claws down closer to Whitestar's throat. "Yes, maybe. Do you have a family? Maybe they could join as well.

Maybe you could be my trustful deputy, perhaps?"

Whitestar's eyes seemed to light up. "Deputy?" he asked.

"Yes, a great idea!" Moonstar spoke. "And you could rule the forest with me!"

Whitestar's eyes grew wide. He was power-hungry, Moonstar was sure of it.

"All right. I'll be your deputy. If you could please get off me," Whitestar murmured.

Moonstar slowly got off the tom, smiling. "Meet me back here tomorrow night with your family. Then, you can come to the clan, perhaps."

"Yes," Whitestar spoke. "I shall."

He began to pad off, and the medicine cat beside him spoke, "Whitestar, sir! You're already running a clan!"

"Quiet, medicine cat," he hissed padding away.

Moonstar smiled, glad the plan was working out.

The next night, the stars shined freely, and Moonstar sat in the woods, awaiting Whitestar to arrive. When he did, he came with his mate, a white she-cat, and his son and daughter, also white cats.

"Follow me," she purred.

After about two sunrises, she arrived back at camp, Fang running to greet her. He let out a smile as he saw the other cats by her. A gray tom stood beside him, and Moonstar tilted her head, waiting for an explanation.

"This cat, Rock, has graciously offered to join our clan. I see you found members too."

"Yes," Moonstar purred. "You four may change your names if you want to. I know that Whitestar, Snowfeather, Flightpaw, and

Icepaw aren't the toughest names."

"I'd like to be called Bone," Whitestar spat.

"And I want to be called Tooth!" Flightpaw exclaimed.

"I'll just be called Ice," Icepaw spoke.

"I will remain Snowfeather," the older she-cat spoke, her eyes fixed on Moonstar's. Something told Moonstar that this she-cat did not seem like a good MoonClan warrior.

Moonstar pricked her ears as she heard the mews of her own kits.

"Are those kits?" Snowfeather asked.

Moonstar nodded. "Four of mine, actually."

"May I watch them?" Snowfeather asked. "I was in charge of watching kits back home."

Moonstar smiled, liking the idea of this. With Snowfeather watching her kits, Moonstar could get a lot more done. "Of course."

Snowfeather padded into the nursery, leaving Moonstar out front. She turned to Fang now. "Bone is our deputy," she told him. "And, once my kits are three moons old, we'll be making an appearance to SnowClan and FoxClan in which we will declare battle."

"Perfect," Fang purred.

Chapter 10

Moonstar smiled as she sat in the MoonClan camp. Two moons had passed, and her kits were now three moons old. Her clan was growing well. Three news cats had joined the clan: Bloodfur, Screechshade, and Jetfur. They even had their own medicine cat. Beside form that, Ice and Rock had become mates.

"ATTENTION MOONCLAN!" Moonstar yowled. They didn't exactly have a rock or a log to stand on, so Moonstar just stood in the center of the camp, the crowd gathering around her. "Chesnutkit, Hazelkit, Leopardkit, and Tigerkit have reached three moons, which means they are ready to come apprentices. Come forward, kits."

Her kits scurried towards her. Tigerkit and Leopardkit were smiling, though Chesnutkit and Hazelkit frowned, looking at the ground.

"Chesnutkit, from this day forward, until you receive your warrior name, you shall be known as Chesnutpaw. Your mentor will be Snowfeather."

The white she-cat looked shocked to see that she would be a mentor to Moonstar's kits.

"Hazelkit, from this day forward, until you receive your warrior name, you shall be known as Hazelpaw. Your mentor will be Ice."

The white she-cat smiled, dipping her head to Hazelpaw.

"Leopardkit, from this day forward, until you receive your warrior name, you will be known as Leopardpaw. Screechshade, you will mentor her."

Leopardpaw seemed thrilled to have one of the fiercest cats in the clan as her mentor. She bounced up and down with excitement and thrill.

"Tigerkit, from this day forward, until you receive your warrior

name, you shall be known as Tigerpaw. Your mentor will be Bone."

The clan cheered as Bone stepped forward and smiled at his apprentice.

"CHESNUTPAW! HAZELPAW! LEOPARDPAW! TIGERPAW!' the clan cried.

"Now, we greet FoxClan and SnowClan!" Moonstar declared. "Rock, watch the camp while we are gone. I need Fang, Bone, and my kits. Everyone else, stay and guard. Now, let's go!" Moonstar commanded.

The seven cats raced through the woods, heading to where the gathering had been held. Moonstar was already aware that SnowClan and FoxClan had been practicing for battle there, and it was no surprise that she found them there, continuing to practice.

She slipped though some bushes then slowly made her way out. "Why, hello!" Moonstar yowled, greeting the cats.

Cats froze, staring at her in fear.

"WHAT DO YOU WANT, MOONPAW?!" Icestar hissed.

Moonstar shrugged. "I just wanted to introduce a few cats," she told them, walking by them. "First off, my name is MoonSTAR," she smiled. "Meet my mate, Fang."

She watched as the brown tabby tom padded out of the bushes, staring proudly into the crowd of cats.

"My deputy, Bone," Moonstar introduced. The white tom came out as well, his piercing green eyes staring at the other cats.

"And my four kits, Hazelkit, Chesnutkit, Tigerkit, and Leopardkit." Her kits padded forward, staring at the other cats. Moonstar had to hide the fact they were apprentices. It would make the others think that MoonClan was still practicing and was not as strong as it was made up to be. "The battle won't be for awhile. I'm waiting until my kits are warriors. Good-bye," she hissed, racing off.

As they padded back through the bushes, Moonstar could hear the cats gossiping in the clearing. Moonstar hissed as she heard their rumors. Did they dare doubt her skills? She knew she was the best warrior and leader.

When arriving back in the MoonClan camp, Moonstar headed towards the center, yowling, "ATTENTION MOONCLAN!" The cats gathered beside her, awaiting to hear her news. "We have told the other clans of our battle! They don't seem to believe what we say! To prove it, we shall be capturing, yes capturing, a certain apprentice in SnowClan! Before we do so, however, we must create a plan to capture."

The cats nodded in agreement, slowly heading off to perform their duties. Ice padded up to Moonstar nervously.

"Moonstar, I think someone else might need to take over Hazelpaw's training. I'm expecting Rock's kits."

Moonstar tilted her head, then laughed a little. "My dear, Ice," she said, "YOU WILL CONTINUE MENTORING UNTIL YOU MOVE INTO THE NURSERY!" she hissed.

Some cats stepped back, fearful of their leader. Ice gulped then nodded, heading off to train Hazelpaw.

Tooth stepped forward and dipped his head. "Moonstar," he began.

"Yes?" she asked impatiently.

"I met a large group of rogues today," he explained. "They are willing to fight in the battle."

"Exactly how many?" Moonstar asked.

Tooth tilted his head. "They call themselves the Blood Pack."

Moonstar hissed, cutting him off. "I ASKED HOW MANY!"

Tooth looked down. "About twenty."

Moonstar unsheathed her claws. "THAT WON'T BE ENOUGH!" she

spat. "We have about thirty cats participating. FoxClan and SnowClan combined is about fifty! Bone!" she yowled.

The deputy looked up.

"Send a patrol to find more rogues that will join," she commanded.

Bone opened his mouth to say something, only to be cut off by Moonstar. "NOW!" she hissed.

The tom nodded and ran off.

Moonstar growled, padding back to her den.

Chapter 11

A few weeks had passed since Moonstar had made her announcement to the clans. So far, they had gotten over fifty cats to join the battle. Winning would be simple.

But today, however, was a more important day. Today, they would be capturing Blackpaw from SnowClan to prove they did not want to be messed with.

Moonstar stood in the center of the camp, chatting with the other warriors. "CAPTURE PLAN!" she yowled.

Bone, Screechshade, and Tooth padded out of the den, as well as Tigerpaw and Leopardpaw. Her son and daughter had begged for her to let them join in to prove they were strong warriors. Moonstar had agreed.

If only Chesnutpaw and Hazelpaw would've come too, she thought.

"Bone, repeat the plan!" she hissed at her deputy.

He looked up, pausing for a few moments to recover the plan. He then spoke. "Screechshade and Tooth," he said. "You will distract SnowClan. Tigerpaw and Leopardpaw." Moonstar's children looked up at the deputy. "You will go through the hole. I will meet them and run off with Blackpaw."

Moonstar nodded. "And Bone, I will be coming as well," she told them. "I will make sure this plan proceeds, and I must test your loyalty," she grinned.

Together, the six cats made thier way to SnowClan to gain their vengeance.

As they walked, Moonstar quickly hissed, "STOP!" The cats froze, and she looked around carefully. "We're at the border," she quietly hissed. "There might be patrols out. Follow me," she said, carefully

creeping into the bushes. All was silent until Tooth clumsily stepped on a stick.

"Quiet!" she whispered.

They quietly crawled through the bushes, careful not to make a sound.

"I made a tunnel through these bushes earlier," Moonstar explained. "Walk carefully. If we get noticed, one of you will die," she growled. The five nodded, fear shining in their eyes. They were obviously afraid of their leader, just like Moonstar expected them to be.

They looked out into the SnowClan camp, watching as no cat stirred.

"Good, they're asleep," Moonstar said. She looked at Tooth and Screechshade. "Keep watch! If you need to make a distraction, then go ahead!"

Tigerpaw and Leopardpaw closely followed behind their mother as Moonstar padded to the back of the apprentice den. With her sharp claws, Moonstar poked a hole out of the apprentice den.

Not very strong den builders, she thought.

She carefully walked through, hoping not to step on any apprentices. She looked past some cats until she noticed the black tom sleeping peacefully near Thornpaw. As much as Moonstar wanted to kill Thornpaw in her sleep right now, she knew it would mess up the plan.

"Bone," she whispered.

The tom eased through the hole. He was not slim like Moonstar, though he still managed to get through.

"Grab him," she motioned.

As Bone neared the tom, Blackpaw slowly opened his eyes.

"MOONCLAN!' he screamed. Moonstar quickly swatted him on the

head, knocking him out.

"Go, go, go!" she hissed as cats began to awake. The silver tabby she-cat was first to awake, and Moonstar quickly slid through the hole, covering it up quickly. So what if it fell apart? They wanted the clans to know.

Together, the cats rushed as fast as they could out of the SnowClan border and into the foothills where the clan lied. Bone held the unconscious Blackpaw in his grip, and finally, they reached the MoonClan camp.

"How'd it go?" Bloodfur asked as the exhausted Moonstar padded into the camp.

"WE GOT HIM!" she screeched.

All the cats cheered triumphantly at the victory of their plan.

"Stick him in the elders' den," she growled at Bone. "Tooth! Bloodfur!"

The white tom and brown she-cat stared at Moonstar, waiting for her to speak.

"I trust both of you. You will guard the den. And if he does happen to escape, or you aid him, I'll easily kill you," she growled.

The two cats gulped and nodded, standing guard by the den.

Moonstar apdded inside the den, waiting for the black tom to awake. He was still knocked out, though after a few moments, his green eyes came into view. At the sight of Moonstar, he gasped.

"YOU! I KNEW IT WASN'T A DREAM!" he growled.

Moonstar smiled as he tried to launch at her. As he launched, she quickly knocked him back down. Blackpaw growled fiercely at her.

"Now, now, that isn't the way to treat a host, is it? Welcome to MoonClan, your prison," she growled.

"Icestar won't like this! They'll come! You'll see!" he growled.

Moonstar laughed as Blackpaw struggled underneath her. The tom might have been bigger, but Moonstar was stronger and faster.

"If they do, we'll make sure to have a nice army set around the borders. Then, your precious clanmates will die!" she hissed.

"I don't believe this!" Blackpaw growled. He launched himself at Moonstar once again, only to find himself unsuccessful.

"Naughty, naughty, kitty. We don't attack our hosts," she growled. Her eyes gleamed a fierce red, and she launched herself at Blackpaw. He tried to knock her off, but Moonstar was fast, and she quickly clawed at his pelt. He yowled, blood pouring onto the ground.

Moonstar growled, throwing him against the wall where he stayed in place. Blackpaw was exhausted, and Moonstar could tell he didn't have the strength to attack her anymore. She headed towards the exit, gasping as Blackpaw suddenly raced in front of her.

"Coward!" he called as Tooth and Screechshade grabbed ahold of him.

Moonstar smiled. "Say good-night," she purred, swatting him on the head. He fell unconscious, and Moonstar took the opportunity to leave more claw streaks down his pelt. Blood soaked the floor, and Moonstar laughed, padding out of the den.

"He shouldn't be a bother anymore," she told Tooth. "In fact, he might just die," she said, smiling as she padded away to her den, her paws stained with blood.

Chapter 12

"HE'S ESCAPED!" Tooth yowled. "HE'S ESCAPED!"

Quickly, Moonstar rushed to the young tom, knocking him over. "How'd he get away?!" she hissed. "Oh, I'm going to make your death so painful, you'll be begging for it," she hissed.

"Let me explain!" Tooth yowled, pushing Moonstar off of him.

Moonstar swiped at the tom, leaving a mark down his cheek. "Lesson number one: Never struggle underneath my weight because I will hurt you," she hissed. "Be calm, and maybe I'll listen to your explanation," she hissed, pushing him down again. She aimed her claw at his neck, about to kill the young tom.

Suddenly, Bloodfur ran to her, yowling, "NO! DON'T KILL HIM! IT WAS SNOWFEATHER!"

Moonstar tilted her head and got off of Tooth, allowing the tom to breath once again. She looked towards Bloodfur. "Lesson number two: Never tell your leader what to do," she growled. "What is the problem with Snowfeather?"

"Moonstar!" Bone yowled. "Chesnutpaw and Hazelpaw have escaped with Blackpaw!"

"Let them go," Moonstar growled. "They won't survive anyway," she said. She should've known her son and daughter would betray her at some point. Bone nodded, padding away.

Moonstar turned back to Bloodfur, waiting for her explanation.

"Snowfeather said we needed a nice break, so she volunteered to watch him. When we came back, Snowfeather was gone, and so was Blackpaw!" Bloodfur gasped.

Moonstar growled. "SNOWFEATHER!" she yowled.

The white she-cat slipped out of the den. "Yes, Moonstar?"

"Come with me," she growled. Snowfeather hesitated, then followed her towards the edge of the camp.

"WHY DID YOU LET HIM ESCAPE?!" she yowled.

Snowfeather calmly looked at Moonstar. "I never wanted to join this clan. My mate did. You were killing an innocent tom! Your kits are scared of you, Moonstar. I helped them escape as well. Now, exile me if you wish, but never forget what I did."

She slashed at Snowfeather's leg, leaving the white she-cat to limp away. "Exile? Oh, it'll be more than exile," she whispered. "SCREECHSHADE!" she hissed.

The brown she-cat padded over. "Yes, Moonstar?"

"I need you to help me," Moonstar began.

"As you wish, Moonstar."

"I trust you, Screechshade, and you are an honorable warrior. Such honor I will give you for this mission," she explained.

"Thank you, Moonstar. I am always loyal to MoonClan. Do you wish for me to kill the black tom or your kits? Or shall I bring them back here?"

"Something better," Moonstar growled. "Kill Snowfeather."

Screechshade smiled. "If that is what you wish, Moonstar, then it is so. Would you like to watch?"

Moonstar nodded. "Of course. Go tell Bone that you want to hunt with Snowfeather, and tell them you'll be back shortly."

Screechshade nodded, running off. "Hide in the bushes by the large oak tree," she whispered.

Moonstar nodded, heading towards the large oak tree. She crept into the bushes, watching the forest. It only took a few minutes

before the white she-cat and Screechshade were nearby.

"I don't understand Moonstar. Why would she do that?"

Screechshade shrugged. "I'm not sure, Snowfeather. Will you be exiled for that?"

Snowfeather nodded. "Most likely. I hated this clan away."

"Good," Screechshade said, beginning to unsheathe her claws. "You'll hate it even more?"

"Any why is that?" Snowfeather asked. Screechshade smiled, lashing at Snowfeather. The white she-cat gasped, letting out a yowl of terror as her coat became coated in red.

Snowfeather gulped. "TRAITOR! I THOUGHT YOU WERE MY FRIEND!"

"You were wrong," Screechshade said, smiling. "My loyalty lies only to MoonClan. Any last words?"

There were words, so faint, like a whistle of the wind. "My daughter..." She was cut off as Screechshade bit the she-cat's neck, killing her instantly.

Snowfeather laid dead on the forest floor, her blue eyes clouded and unseeing.

"Very good," Moonstar purred. "Excellent work, Screechshade. You really are loyal."

Together, they headed back to camp, leaving the dead she-cat as bird bait."

Chapter 13

Although Blackpaw's hostage plan had not gone well, other events in MoonClan were going well. For example, Ice had given birth to three kits. There was a ginger tom named Fire, a gray tabby tom named Rain, and a black she-cat named Night.

Fire seemed like he wanted to be a great warrior, while Rain seemed only interested in herbs and medicine. She knew he wanted to be a medicine cat, but Moonstar would not let him. No, she needed warriors.

Lastly, Night was weak. She tried to be a warrior, but she was small, and Moonstar knew already she'd die in battle.

In other news, her kits would become warriors soons! They had almost reached six moons, marking the time when a MoonClan cat became a warrior. A normal warrior would be twelve moons, but Moonstar's clan was advanced, and early training never hurt.

The escape of Hazelpaw and Chesnutpaw had been a lost. From her spies, she had learned they had fled to FoxClan and were considered new apprentices. She knew though that Hazelpaw or Chesnutpaw-maybe even both- would come back to her someday.

Tooth padded over towards Moonstar, a smile on his face. "Shall we hunt?" he asked.

Moonstar nodded, beginning to walk with the white tom. They headed into the forest in search of fresh prey.

Pricking her ears, Moonstar heard a squirrel. Quickly, she spotted it and killed it on the spot. Tooth caught a bird shortly after, and together, they buried their prey and moved on.

"I'm sorry about the escape of Blackpaw and the kits," Tooth told her.

Moonstar smiled maliciously. "Don't you worry, Tooth. Your mother was already killed. There are no more traitors here."

Bone had not reacted well to his mate's death, neither had Ice. Tooth seemed okay with it, though she knew he was hiding his feels. She could tell from the look he gave her as she finished her sentence.

"Yeah," he said quietly.

"Tooth, I will tell you something," the silver-blue she-cat said.

The tom looked up, his green eyes sorrowful.

"I can still see you're missing your mother, but let me tell you a story, young Tooth. Now, when I was a kit, my mother got in the way of my performance in the clan. She was too protective. Once I told her my feelings, she abandoned me! And I knew to be leader, she had to get out of my life. So, I hired Fang to kill her. My brother did the same, and I killed him myself."

"You kill your own family?!" Tooth exclaimed.

Moonstar nodded. "My father, well, it is unknown where he is. I'm sure if he were around, he'd be dead by now too. You see, Tooth, sometimes our family has to be killed to become a warrior."

"But my mother-" he began.

"NO! I WILL NOT HEAR OF THAT TRAITOR AGAIN!" she spat.

Tooth shrunk down. Moonstar looked as he seemed to be a bit smaller than her. He wasn't even twelve moons, only a measly nine moons, like his sister.

"Your mother was a traitor, and I hope you won't be one either. Do you understand?" she asked. "Because I *will* kill you if you do the same. But I will make it a much more painful and agonizing death."

"I completely understand, Moonstar. I don't know what I was thinking. I'll kill my sister, my dad, anyone who gets in the way. But, well, if they weren't in this clan. I know you need them," he

said, laughing nervously.

"Very good, young tom," she said.

Tooth paused for a moment, then spoke. "Moonstar, there is one more question I wish to ask you."

"If it's about traitors," she began, only to be cut off by his response.

"No, it's not. I promise. It's much more important ot the clan," he told her.

"What is it?" Moonstar wondered.

"Well, you know, Leopardpaw and I have liked each other for awhile now, and I thought-with your permission of course- when she became a warrior, we could become mates. Do you agree?

Moonstar thought for a second. Could this tom serve her daughter well? He was strong, but she didn't know if he was loyal enough. She sat down, thinking, watching sa Tooth winced in the distance.

"Yes, I suppose so. In fact, you could ask her to be mates right now. She'll be six moons soon."

"Oh, thank you!" he exclaimed. "I promise I'll love her and be the best mate ever!" he exclaimed. He ran off to camp, leaving Moonstar in the woods alone.

The sun rose on a beautiful day, and Moonstar padded up to a large rock that was now placed in the center of the camp. "ATTENTION MOONCLAN!" she yowled.

The cats turned, staring intently at their leader.

"TIGERPAW AND LEOPARDPAW HAVE REACHED SIX MOONS WHICH MEANS THEY ARE READY TO BECOME WARRIORS!" she cheered. She looked at her son and daughter and saw only MoonClan spirit in them. "Tigerpaw," she began, looking at her handsome son. "You are brave and loyal. Your strength will no doubt help you in battle. From this day forward, you shall be known as Tigerstripe!"

She turned to her beautiful daughter next. "And Leopardpaw, you are fierce yet sweet. You will trick your opponents, no doubt. From this day forward, you shall be known as Leopardtail!"

"TIGERSTRIPE! LEOPARDTAIL!" the clan cried.

Leopardtail smiled at Tooth, and Moonstar watched as he returned the gesture. The two had become mates only a few days prior after Moonstar had given him permission.

Moonstar stood with the two warriors, ready. She already had another plan on her mind that involved a different cat's loyalty this time. And maybe...SnowClan's leader would be gone.

Chapter 14

Time passed quickly, and soon Bone had moved on from Snowfeather and had become mates with Bloodfur. Ice didn't seem happy about it, and for some time, Moonstar wondered if she was like her mother. She realized that Ice was loyal to MoonClan though.

Moonstar was also aware of the drama in her clan. Her clanmates seemed to bicker constantly, though she believed it was preparing them for the battle that laid ahead.

Moonstar padded by Bone and Bloodfur, seeing Leopardtail in the distance. The she-cat had announced that she was expecting Tooth's kits only a short time ago.

"Good morning, sweetheart," Moonstar said as she padded into the nursery

Leopardtail looked up at her. "Oh, good morning, Mother."

"May I ask why you are in the nursery?" Moonstar asked.

"Um, didn't you hear the news? I'm expecting kits! I need all the rest I can get so I may have a successful delivery."

Moosntar sat down next to her daughter. "Oh, darling, you know I love you. You're the only faithful daughter I have. But let me tell you a story," she paused. "Well, it's not exactly a story, but you'll find these next few words interesting. How do I put this?" she asked, tilting her head. "GET OUT THERE AND DO YOUR WARRIOR DUTIES! YOUR KITS WON'T BE HERE FOR MOONS!" she spat.

Leopardtail rolled her eyes. "I thought you wouldn't care! I'm your *daughter*!"

"I do care about this clan, and I'm not sure if you care at all! Go out

there on patrol, kill a cat!" she hissed.

With all the yowling, Fang raced into the den. Moonstar hadn't really spoken to her mate in moons with all the MoonClan business.

"Moonstar, what are you doing?"

"Our daughter is convinced she doesn't have to do warrior duties because she is expecting kits. You're not a princess, Leopardtail," she spat.

"Don't be so hard on her, Moonstar. You were relaxed when you had kits," Fang pointed out.

Moonstar growled at her mate. "No, you mouse-brain! We went searching for members when I was taking care of them."

"Taking care, not expecting," Fang told her. "I brought you prey and water. Let your daughter do the same."

Leopardtail smiled at this, glad her father was on her side.

Moonstar growled at Fang. She had been annoyed with the tom for awhile. She really didn't even have feelings for him anymore. She wasn't sure if she ever did.

"Fang, you may be my mate, but I swear to StarClan, I will kill you if I have to," she hissed, knocking the tom over. She held him down, her claws aimed at his throat.

"Stop! You can't kill your mate!" Leopardtail screeched.

"She's right," he growled. There was a bit of evil in his eyes. "You wouldn't kill me."

"Watch me," Moonstar smiled maliciously. She store away some skin off his throat, causing blood to flow.

"Actually," Fang gulped. "Leopardtail should be patrolling. Shouldn't you, Leopardtail?"

"I'll be going right now," she said quickly, racing out of the den.

Moonstar got off of Fang, letting him go. "I, in fact, *would* kill you, Fang. Leave!" she hissed. He nodded, quickly exiting.

She knew he was afraid of her, though that's what she wanted. She wanted her clanmates, even family members, to cower in fear over her.

Ice stood in terror, her three kits playing quietly in the back of the den.

"Ice," Moonstar smiled. "How are you?"

"I'm well, Moonstar. How are you?" Ice asked, her blue eyes focused on Moonstar's.

"I've been better," Moonstar replied, swaying her silver-blue tail. "Say, would you like to help me out?

Ice gulped, then froze.

Moonstar laughed. "Don't you worry, Ice. You have kist to take care of. I couldn't ask that from you. Your kits will be fine warriors. In fact, let's make them apprentices right now."

"But they're only three moons," Ice argued.

"Exactly," Moonstar growled. "Ice, Rain, Night," she said. The three kits turned their attention towards her. "Would you like to be apprentices?"

"Yes!" Fire and Night yelled in unison.

"I want to be a medicine cat apprentice," Rain complained.

Moonstar quickly knocked the tom over, watching as Ice's eyes widened. She was surprised when the she-cat did not speak out.

"You very well will become a warrior because if you choose not to, I will hurt you. Then, you can learn how to heal yourself, and maybe, you'll learn a few herbs on the way, but the process will just start over again. I assure you, Rain, you *will* be an apprentice."

The little tom gulped. "Yes, Moonstar."

Moonstar let go of the tom, watching as he quickly scurried to his mother. Ice licked her son affectionately, her eyes wide with fear.

"Well, we don't have all day!" Moonstar growled. "They will be made apprentices now! Follow!" she hissed, leading them outside the nursery.

Moonstar leapt onto the rock, the three kits following behind her. "ATTENTION MOONCLAN!" she yowled.

Moonstar looked into the audience of cats, spotting Leopardtail and Tooth next to each other. She caught Fang's eyes, only to watch him turn away. He was afraid of what she had become. He thought she was evil. Moonstar wasn't evil though, only a greater warrior.

"FIRE, NIGHT, AND RAIN HAVE REACHED THREE MOONS WHICH MEANS IT IS TIME FOR THEM TO BECOME APPRENTICES!" she yowled. "Fang," she said.

The striped tom stepped forward, bowing to Moonstar. "Yes, Moonstar?" he asked through gritted teeth.

"You are brave and a strong fighter. You will teach this onto Fire," she commanded.

Fang nodded, watching as Fire ran down to him and touched his nose to his.

"Now Night," she began. She looked around for a good cat to teach the wimpy she-cat. "Ah, Screechshade."

The she-cat walked forward, bowing to Moonstar.

"You are strong and vicious. Teach these characteristics onto Night."

"I will, Moonstar," Screechshade told her.

"Now Rain," she said, staring at the tom she had strangled only a few minutes prior. She needed a cat to whip him into shape.

"Bone," she said.

The deputy bowed to his leader.

"Rain is a special kind of cat. He might need help with his warrior training. It is your job to teach him how to be a vicious warrior. Show no mercy to him," she growled.

Rain stood, quivering as she walked down to touch noses with his mentor.

"I shall teach him everything I know, Moonstar," Bone said, a malicious smile on his face.

"Good," she said.

The clan stood, looking at Moonstar, afraid of their leader. Moonstar had probably just sent Rain to his death. When she glanced at Ice, she saw the she-cat quivering in fear as well. And when she looked at Rock, he looked scared as well for his son.

Chapter 15

A few moons had passed, and Rain had been following instructions well, receiving little wounds from his mentor. Moonstar was proud of her deputy for training the young tom.

Though Rain's training was going well, more drama had arose in the camp between Screechshade and Tigerstripe. Bored on afternoon, Moonstar had sat in camp, watching Screechshade and Bloodfur chat.

"So, you like Tooth?" Bloodfur asked her sister.

Screechshade nodded, looking down at her paws. "But, he's mates with Leopardtail. He'd never be mates with me."

You poor baby, Moonstar thought, disgusted by her warrior's behavior.

"I'll talk to him," Bloodfur suggested.

"Really? You'd do that for me?" Screechshade asked.

"Hey, that's what sisters are for!" she told her.

Moonstar growled, knowing siblings could never rely on each other.

Moonstar turned, watching Tigerstripe sitting in the corner. His gaze was fully focused on Screechshade. She knew that her son loved the warrior, and she hoped Screechshade would love him back. The warrior would be perfect for her son, and their offspring would be powerful. The scoundrel, Tooth, would be a waste. She would be depressed if the tom ditched Leopardtail.

"Hey, Screechshade!" Tigerstripe said, walking towards her.

"Oh, hey," Screechshade replied, refusing to make eye contact with the tom.

"So, you like Tooth, huh?"

Screechshade nodded, looking up at Tigerstripe. The tom stared straight into her eyes and stammered, "Well, Screechshade, I-I like you too."

Screechshade gasped, growling. "What?! No, no, no!" she hissed. "I do *not* want two toms fighting over me! No!" she growled.

Tigerstripe sighed. "But I really do!" he begged. "I'd care for you, we could hunt together. Love someone who loves you back, Screechshade. Tooth already has a mate."

Moonstar looked, watching as Screechshade ignored him and held her nose up high.

Moonstar slid through bushes, watching as Bloodfur now spoke to Tooth.

"No, Bloodfur," Tooth growled. "I do not like Screechshade. You are a mouse-brain for thinking I'd leave Leopardtail and my kits like that."

"Oh, but you are. Admit it, you like my sister," she purred.

"NO, I DON'T!" he hissed, unsheathing his claws. "LEAVE ME OUT OF YOUR DUMB GAMES!" he spat, running off.

"Uh, Moonstar?"

Moonstar jumped, turning around to see one of her fellow warriors, Jetfur, staring at her.

"Is everything all right?" she asked.

"Jetfur, come with me," Moonstar growled. "We're going to do something to test your loyalty."

The she-cat stiffened but did not hestiate. "All right, Moonstar," she said, following the she-cat into the forest.

"What will we be doing, Moonstar?" the black she-cat asked.

"We'll be killing, Icestar," Moonstar instructed. "Now, here's the plan. I'll create a distraction, and you kill the she-cat. I want her weakened for battle," she growled.

"A-All right, Moonstar," the black she-cat stuttered.

As they reached the SnowClan camp, Jetfur came to an abrupt halt.

"What's the matter?" Too scared?" Moonstar teased.

"Not at all, Moonstar," Jetfur replied, walking forward with her chest forward, high in the air. She looked ready to kill the leader.

"You stay right here at the entrance," Moonstar told her as they came to the camp. "Let me go in."

Jetfur nodded, and Moonstar padded into camp openly. "AH, MY FAVORITE CLAN, SNOWCLAN!"

Icestar immediately stood up and growled at the she-cat. "GET OUT OF HERE, MOONSTAR!"

"I see you've finally learned my name," Moonstar laughed. "That's nice. Please, Icestar. You wouldn't want to lose your energy before battle, now would you? Don't bother chasing me," she laughed, leaping onto the large rock in the center of the camp.

Icestar began to climb up the rock, only to be stopped by her deputy, Blacktail. Moonstar growled as she saw the familiar black tom at her side.

"Icestar, this is not a good idea. We can't have you weakened! I'll go after her! You guard the camp."

Moonstar laughed as the tom began to crawl up the rock.

"Think you can kill me? Then you're wrong!" she spat, leaping off before Blacktail could swipe at her. "NOW, JETFUR!' she hissed.

The she-cat nodded, leaping onto Icestar.

"ICESTAR!" Blacktail gasped, but Moonstar had already knocked the

tom over onto his back. Blacktail growled, though all Moonstar did was smile and continue to hold im down.

Jetfur and Icestar battled viciously, and Jetfur at once began to pin her over and claw at her pelt. Cats rushed towards Icestar, ready to strike at Jetfur. At once, she had the perfect move, and Jetfur raised her claw to kill the wounded leader. Moonstar waited, but the blow did not come. Jetfur got off of Icestar and backed away, letting blood flow from her pelt.

"JETFUR! KILL HER NOW!" Moonstat spat, letting Blacktail go. All the other SnowClan cats looked at Jetfur, horrified.

"I can't, Moonstar!" Jetfur wailed.

Moonstar growled, ready to kill the she-cat. "We'll talk about this later," she hissed. Cats turned towards her, but Moonstar was swift, and she quickly slid by Icestar and slit the she-cat's throat, allowing her to lose a life. She ran off, Jetfur running beside her.

"THERE WILL BE A PUNISHMNET, JETFUR!" she hissed. But she couldn't kill the she-cat. She needed warriors. Perhaps she would wound Jetfur in enough time for her to be healed.

As they edged the camp, Jetfur went to run off, only to be stopped by Moonstar. "Nope. Here, now!" Moonstar growled.

Jetfur looked down and nodded, bowing to Moonstar.

"I'm sorry, Moonstar," she began. "I couldn't. I've never felt that way before," she whimpered.

"Well, you'll have to learn if you wish to stay in this clan! You need to have blood permanently stained on your claws! You need to get used to the taste of other cats' blood! I'll be wounding you, Jetfur. It'll hurt, but you'll recover. Then, maybe you'll feel the vengeance and you'll kill a cat with the same sense that I did."

Jetfur cowered in fear. "Please, don't Moonstar! Please!"

For the first time, Moonstar felt mercy. She looked at the she-cat who cowered in fear before her leader.

"I promise, I'll kill someone! Whoever you want! Please, don't hurt me!"

Moonstar looked up, noticing Tigerstripe and Fang standing in the corner. This was her greatest decision. To spare the she-cat, just this once.

"All right, Jetfur, I won't wound you, but next time I assign you to kill someone, which I will, you *will* do the job, or else you'll be killed."

Jetfur stood up happily. "Okay, okay, I promise! Thank you!" she exclaimed, running off quickly. Fang padded forward, grinning.

"That was very brave of you, Moonstar."

"You spared her life! You've never done that!" Tigerstripe exclaimed.

"DON'T REMIND ME OR ELSE I'LL SLAUGHTER YOUR THROATS!" Moonstar hissed.

Fang and Tigerstripe got the message fast. They went to run off, only to be blocked by Moonstar.

"*NO* CAT WILL HEAR OF THIS, ALL RIGHT?!"

The two quickly nodded, running off.

Moonstar growled at the two. She stood, about to go off, when she heard footsteps behind her.

"I've had a change of heart, Mother."

Moonstar turned around to see the most shocking cat of all. It was Hazelpaw, her daughter.

Chapter 16

"Hazelpaw?" Moonstar was was shocked? Was this really her daughter? Did she have an army with her?

Her daughter smiled. "It's Hazel*nose*. I've changed my ways. You were right. You do need to make cats suffer so they will listen to you."

"How did you change so suddenly?" Moonstar asked.

"It was Chesnuttail. My best friend, Cloverpelt, became mates with him. I couldn't trust Chesnuttail. He had already broken another cat's heart and had caused anger. He was going to become a threat to the clan. I couldn't let Cloverpelt be mates with him. I attacked Sunstar, and she exiled me," Hazelnose explained.

Cloverpelt. Was it Cloverpaw from so long ago? Moonstar had never had the guts to attack Sunstar. She was proud of her daughter.

"What do you have in mind, Hazelnose?"

The brown tabby smiled at her. "Well, I thought, 'Why not attack FoxClan?'"

Moonstar smiled. "Good girl. I'll assemble an army. Bone!" she growled.

The deputy ran over and bowed. "Yes, Moonstar?"

"Wow, everyone respects you," Hazelnose remarked.

"That's because I've killed a few clanmates and injured some," she explained. The look her daughter gave her in return was shock, but she did not speak against it.

"Assemble an army," Moonstar instructed Bone. He ran off, leaving the mother and daughter to talk.

"Hazelnose, do you wish to join MoonClan?" Moonstar asked.

"I don't know, Mother. I'm expecting my mate's kits and I want them to be safe. I-" she was cut off by Moonstar's yowl.

"What is with she-cats and kits?! They'll be fine!" she hissed, knocking her daughter over. "I am doing this attack on FoxClan for *you*! The least you can do is join MoonClan!"

Hazelnose quickly nodded. "Now I know why you are respected."

Moonstar let go of her daughter, and Hazelnose bowed to her. Moonstar laughed at this.

"You look hideous. Come on, we have an attack," Moonstar told her. Together, they went off with the army towards FoxClan to fight.

Upon their arrival, an older Sunstar looked shock. "Hazelnose? What are you doing here? I exiled you?"

"Hazelnose?" a familiar voice came. Moonstar quickly spotted her son, Chesnuttail.

"I brought a few friends with me," Hazelnose explained, motioning her mother forward. "You remember Moonstar of MoonClan. I've joined MoonClan now, and we're here to attack you."

"ATTACK!" Moonstar yowled.

The cats sprang into attack. Moonstar pinned down a small black she-cat, hissing at her.

"Not my sister!" a larger tom yowled, pushing Moonstar off.

Moonstar growled, swatting at the tom and leaving him unconscious on the ground. Her victory didn't last long though. Suddenly, Chesnuttail pinned down his mother.

"What you are doing is wrong!" he spat.

Moonstar laughed. "What *you* are doing is wrong. You actually think you can beat us?" she asked. She sprang up and pinned the

tom down, bitting his ear. She bit down hard, leaving a nick.

Moonstar ran off to see Hazelnose pinned down by Cloverpelt. Hazelnose looked frightened as Cloverpelt raised her claw.Her daughter was already injured, and her pelt was covered in other cats' blood. Moonstar pushed Cloverpelt off her daughter.

"RETREAT!" Moonstar hissed.

Moonstar *never* yowled this, but Hazelnose would die and the battle would be unsuccessful. Moonstar grabbed her daughter, and they ran out back to camp. Moonstar took her daughter into the empty elders' den to lecture her.

"How *dare* you make me retreat!" she spat.

Hazelnose shivered. "I'm sorry. I couldn't hurt Cloverpelt."

"Well, she could obviously hurt you!" Moonstar yowled.

"That's because I attacked Chesnuttail!" Hazelnose complained. "You don't understand, do you, Mother? Love is a powerful thing, and it makes cats do things they wouldn't normally do. You don't understand who you're hurting," she explained.

Moonstar's eyes flashed red. "HOW DARE YOU LECTURE ME ON THIS CONCEPT! I'M HURTING CATS WHO HAVE HURT ME! I WILL HURT YOU!"

Moonstar lashed out at her daughter, leaving large claw marks down her body. Hazelnose looked frightened and quickly ran off before her mother could injure her any more.

"DON'T YOU DARE COME BACK!" she hissed.

Her bloody daughter was already gone.

Chapter 17

Moonstar padded out of her den to see her son in the corner looking down. His back was turned away from the other cats as he faced the den well, sighing. Moonstar padded over quietly and touched her tail to his shoulder.

Tigerstripe jumped and yowled. "What?!" He turned, gasping to see Moonstar. Quickly, he bowed to his mother. "I'm sorry! I thought you were someone else."

"Why are you depressed, Tigerstripe?" Moonstar asked.

"Depressed? I'm not depressed. Why," he began to laugh nervously, "would you think that?"

Moonstar glared at him and he let out a deep sigh. "Well," the striped tom began, "it was Screechshade. Tooth became her mate, Leopardtail got mad and yowled at him. They're not mates anymore. I tried to explain to Screechshade, but she wouldn't listen."

Moonstar growled. "I'll be right back," she hissed, rushing to the nursery.

She found Leopardtail in the nursery sobbing. Her kits were due anyway, so she had been staying in the nursery for now.

"Go away!" Leopardtail growled.

"So, Tooth left you for Screechshade?" Moonstar asked.

Leopardtail gave a sad nod.

"I'll make sure he gets killed in battle," she hissed. She left quickly before Leopardtail could react. Her next instinct was to find Screechshade, but the she-cat was gone.

"MY KITS ARE COMING!" Leopardtail screeched from the nursery.

Moonstar ran in, blocking off the other cats, especially Tooth. She had already arranged for one of the rogues to murder him in the battle that would take place shortly.

Moonstar stood with her daughter as the first kit was born. She let out a yowl as the first kit was born. A white tom.

"One more," the medicine cat, Echosong, announced.

Leopardtail yowled again as a second was born. It was another white tom.

"What will we call them?" Tooth asked.

Moonstar hissed at the tom as Leopardtail began to yowl. "These aren't your kits, Tooth! You left me for another she-cat! I don't want you raising them!"

Moonstar had to admit, she was proud of her daughter for standing up to the tom.

"But I'm their-" Once again, he was cut off by Leopardtail.

"You don't love me! You never will! I'll never be mates or love you again!" she spat.

"Leave!" Moonstar hissed at the tom. He scurried off to Screechshade, leaving Moonstar with her daughter. It seemed the fierce she-cat had become a traitor as well.

One of the toms seemed to be bigger than the other, allowing Leopardtail to tell them apart until their eyes opened. "The larger one will be Fang, and the smaller one, Cloud."

"Lovely names," Moonstar purred. The others sat for a moment, staring affectionately at the kits.

"NOW BACK TO WORK!" Moonstar hissed at her warriors. The other cats quickly scurried to do their duties. The battle was only a sunrise away...

Chapter 18

Moonstar smiled as she awoke. Today was battle day, the day they had been awaiting for moons. She slashed her claws against the den wall, making sure they were nice and sharp.

As she padded out of the den, she found the other cats ready for battle. She quickly passed by them, padding up onto the familiar rock.

"CATS OF MOONCLAN!' she yowled, looking past all the members. The camp was now filled with rogues, as well as clan members. They would win this battle for sure.

"TODAY IS THE DAY WE CLAIM THIS FOREST FOR MOONCLAN! REMEMBER, KILL EVERY CAT YOU FIGHT! GOOD LUCK, AND I WILL SEE ALL OF YOU BACK HERE FOR A CELEBRATION!"

Cats yowled in response, agreeing with their leader.

Fang and Cloud would be staying in the MoonClan camp, though Leopardtail would leave. As much as the spotted she-cat did not want to leave her kits, she had to. It was crucial that she joined. They needed very cat for battle. The rogue Moonstar had ordered to kill Tooth was already ready to kill him near the end of the battle.

The army marched towards the meadow, ready to fight. They stood, awaiting for FoxClan and SnowClan to join. It only took a few moments for the other two clans to come towards the meadow. They stood, facing the MoonClan army.

Moonstar laughed as she looked around, seeing the MoonClan army was much bigger than both the clans combined. They would win for sure.

"Hello, Icestar and Sunstar," Moonstar hissed. "It is so nice to see you again!"

Icestar hissed at the she-cat. "You'll never defeat SnowClan or FoxClan!" Sunstar nodded in agreement beside her.

"Just watch me," Moonstar laughed. "MOONCLAN! ATTACK!" she commanded.

Cats bounded into action, attacking the nearest cat they saw. Moonstar hissed and attacked a FoxClan cat while the others went about their ways, killing left and right. Attacking the she-cat, Moonstar left her injured to die and bounded off.

Padding off to kill more cats, she stumbled into Honeyfall. She quickly pinned the she-cat down, seeing the fear in the she-cat's blue eyes. Honeyfall was the only cat who had ever shown her kindness. She had let Moonstar sleep in her nest when Silverwhisker wouldn't. She kept Moonstar company.

"Moonstar. It's me, Honeyfall," she pleaded. Her eyes were full of sorrow, and Moonstar spotted Foxeye watching from a distance.

"I know who you are," Moonstar growled. "But I don't care!" she hissed, slicing open the she-cat's throat. The dead she-cat lay on the ground, a pool of blood forming around her.

"NO!" Foxeye yowled, beginning to run towards her. Moonstar ran off into the crowd before the ginger tom could seek his revenge.

She climbed up a tree to watch the battle from a distance. She looked for dead cats, but all she found were dead rogues. She searched for Hazelnose, though she couldn't find her.

By the time Moonstar padded down, she stumbled over Leopardtail's dead body. "LEOPARDTAIL!' she cried out. She spotted ginger hair on the wounds...Foxeye had gotten his revenge. She growled, prowling around for the ginger tom.

She then noticed Cloverpelt and an unknown black she-cat crying over another cat. As she edged forward, dodging cats that came near her, she noticed it was Chesnuttail. Moonstar laughed. The tom had deserved to die.

Moonstar continued rushing by, gasping as she noticed Hazelnose

fighting with the MoonClan cats, a gray tabby tom beside her. A cat swatted at the gray tom, and he fell to the ground. She watched Hazelnose cry out in pain.

So, her daughter had come through. Perhaps she wasn't as bad as Moonstar had expected.

As she raced by, she noticed Ice screaming at a small gray tabby apprentice.

"YOU KILLED MY KIT!" Ice screeched.

The gray tabby she-cat whimpered and began to back up. "No, I didn't, I swear!"

Ice lashed out, killing the she-cat in a single swipe. A yowl came from another she-cat nearby, and Moonstar recognized her as Skycloud. She watched as the she-cat grabbed the apprentice, dragging her away. Moonstar was about to go after the she-cat when she noticed Icestar nearby.

Quickly, Moonstar lunged at the white she-cat. Icestar fell to the ground, surprised. It only took a second for Moonstar to slice her throat. Icestar's eyes became unseeing, and it was obvious she was losing another life. She deserved to die.

Feeling rage and energy, Moonstar went off, ready to kill other cats. Suddenly, a yowl came from a rock in the meadow.

"STOP!' she yowled.

She turned, recognizing the kit as Lilypaw, Blacktail and Thorndapple's only kit.

"WHAT NOW?!" Moonstar hissed, making her way to the rock.

"WHAT ARE YOU ALL DOING?!" Lilypaw shouted. Cats began to stop fighting, and they turned their attention to the apprentice. "THERE IS NO NEED TO FIGHT! PLEASE, WE CAN SOLVE THIS!"

Moonstar padded up the rock, watching as Blacktail and Thorndapple tensed as she neared their daughter.

"There is no way to solve this without death! Right, MoonClan?!" Yowls of agreement came from her members.

Moonstar turned, facing the golden-brown she-cat. She slashed her cheek, blood falling from Lilypaw's face. Blacktail and Thorndapple leapt onto Moonstar, trying to attack her.

Moonstar pushed them off, laughing. "You can't defeat me!" she hissed, raising her claw to kill the two.

"NO!" Lilypaw hissed. She shoved Moonstar with much force, more than Moonstar had ever felt before. Moonstar gasped, yowling as she fell off the rock. Everything else seemed to be in slow motion.

Cats looked at her and gasped. Moonstar fell against the rock, the abrasive surface crushing her as she bumped off it. As she landed, her head crashed against the rock. Cats gasped, and she heard a large crack. She crashed to the ground, everything fading.

When Moonstar awoke, she was in a dark place with no light whatsoever.

"Where am I?" Moonstar asked.

A bright figure padded forward. Silverwhisker. "You're in the Dark Forest, my kit."

"YOU!" Moonstar growled. "I'M DEAD, AREN'T I?! NO! WE NEED TO WIN! I CAN'T DIE!"

"But you did," Silverwhisker explained. "SnowClan and FoxClan have won. It was known all along that they would win. Evil never wins."

Moonstar hissed at her mother. "Lies!"

"Perhaps you would like to see your old family members again?" she asked.

"Like who?" Moonstar hissed.

Owlpaw padded forward, grief on his face.

"Oh, look, my annoying brother! I'm glad I killed you!" Moonstar hissed.

"Look what you've done, Moonpaw," Owlpaw whimpered.

"MOONSTAR!" she hissed.

Owlpaw shook his head and looked down at his paws sadly. "You will always be Moonpaw to me. Look what you've done. You've killed everyone who loved you!" Moonstar turned to the corner, seeing Honeyfall in the corner, looking down.

Chesnuttail stood near her as well. Also there was Rock and Night. She then noticed Leopardtail.

"LEOPARDTAIL?! WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN STARCLAN?!"

"I never wanted to follow your ways, Mother," Leopardtail explained. "I never even killed a cat."

Moonstar growled, but Rock and Night were bright as well. "Even you, Rock?"

"I was never evil, though I tried to be," Rock explained.

"You killed innocent cats," Silverwhisker explained.

Moonstar growled. "I DON'T CARE ANYMORE!" she hissed, turning around to see Fang behind her. He was not bright like the others, but dark, like herself. She turned, seeing the StarClan cats fading away, leaving her and her dead mate in the forest.

"There will be revenge," she growled. "I will live on!"

Epilogue

The MoonClan cats padded back to camp dragging their paws behind them. The battle had been a disappointment. Moonstar had died a pathetic death, and now, they had no idea what to do.

Upon their arrival in camp, cats turned to Bone.

"What do we do, Bone?" Bloodfur asked. "You're leader now!"

Bone growled at his mate. "Go off! Start your own lives! There is no more MoonClan!"

"No more MoonClan?" Tooth asked.

Bone growled at his son. "That's right! MoonClan is finished! We've lost so many- Leopardtail, Fang, Rock, Night- valuable warriors."

Cloud and Fang sat by their father in tears. Tooth looked down as he stood next to his mate, Screechshade. Cloud and Fang were now his responsibility.

Ice grieved for the death of her mate and daughter. Fire and Rain stood by her, grieving as well.

"Tooth, you almost died," Bone said gently.

Tooth nodded. He discovered quickly that Moonstar had planned to kill him, so luckily, he had killed the rogue first.

"Off you go! Everyone!" Bone yowled.

Quickly, Cloud and Rain ran off. They did not want to live the life of a rogue. They instead decided to become warriors in FoxClan where they could strive.

Fang went off with Tooth, but Screechshade did not follow. She felt incredibly guilty about taking Leopardtail's mate, so she went off with Bloodfur and Bone.

Ice went off with Fire into the woods where they would live together.

Lastly, Tigerstripe went off with Jetfur to start an adventure of their own...

THE END

Author's Note

Dear reader,

I want to thank you so much for reading my second warriors fanfiction, Moonstar's Rise. Moonstar was the first evil cat I had ever created, and I enjoyed writing from her perspective very much.

If you enjoyed Moonstar's Rise, please go check out the sequel, *MoonClan's Return.* If you want to read about Tigerstripe, Moonstar's son, read *The Search for Jetfur.* Finally, if you wanted to learn more about Bone's family, I would recommend *The Abandoned Warrior* (though I assume most have read this already). Don't be afraid to check out more of my Warriors/other works.

Thank you for all your support!

~Maeve